

## Caster County Republican

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BROKEN BOW, NEBRASKA

That new hardware trust is right after the man with the hoe.

What is a woman to call her divorced husband? That man, of course.

One of society's hardest tasks is to knock the bottom out of the bucket-shop.

An agreeable man is one who consents to being taught things which he already knows.

The Prince of Wales may do the nervous prostration act, for which Prince Henry now holds the record.

So far as that tired feeling is concerned there are people who feel as though it were spring the year around.

The chorus girls have formed a union. They think they are as much entitled to organize as other upholsterers.

Profuse diamond exhibits on the person are not now considered in good taste. It is a rule we have always observed.

The average man never fully realizes the truth of the adage about a fool and his money until after he has bumped up against some other man's game.

The success of Marconi's wireless telegraphy system is amply attested by the fact that he has sold his American rights of his patents for \$6,500,000.

A Kentuckian shot at a man and crippled a blooded colt the other day. This will be sure to start another lasting feud if the owner of the colt is a Kentuckian.

The wife of one of New York's professional beggars had her diamonds stolen. It is hardly necessary to state that this is not a case of having them stolen for advertising purposes.

Rev. Thomas B. Hyde, of New York, says women ought to be allowed to propose marriage. A girl who can't make her wishes known under the present conditions hardly deserves the fellow anyway.

The New York Supreme Court has handed down a decision that no matter what a wife chooses to buy, the husband must pay the bills. Although the decision is rather lengthy, it falls to say how hubby is to get the where-with.

"What has become of the old-fashioned woman who used to tell her husband to save his money—that she did not need a new bonnet?" asks the Washington Post. Oh, she is still inhabiting the realms of fiction where she was born and reared.

High-mindedness and right-mindedness may probably be supplemented by "two-mindedness," which has been defined as the habit of taking into account what is urged on both sides, and trying to combine the essential parts of the two opposing arguments into one higher truth. Magnanimity, honesty, breadth—a trio of qualities worth possessing, and the last by no means the least.

Thomas Carlyle wrote on one occasion: "What is it that thou art fretting and fumbling and lamenting and self-tormenting on account of? Is it not that thou art not happy? Foolish mortal; what act of legislation is there that thou wouldst be happy at? There is a higher thing in man than happiness; he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness." But Carlyle concealed his idea behind crags and crannies.

The signs are appearing that the inevitable battle over wireless telegraphy is about to begin. The practical leader, Marconi, or at least the Marconi company, is already making money from it, and money is the signal for war. Who invented wireless telegraphy? Marconi of Italy claims it. Slay of Germany claims it. Another German, or rather Alsatian, Braun, claims it. Tesla of America claims it, and doubtless many other experts will appear. At present the contest is in the newspapers, but it must soon be transferred to the courts. The ownership of wireless telegraphy is a prize of such incalculable value that the suit for it will be one of the most memorable ever known to patent law.

Unique conditions prevail in the State Normal School of Georgia, where are gathered more than six hundred pupils, whose ages range from seventeen to sixty years. Year before last more than forty of the students were over forty, and a half-dozen over fifty years old. Widows come bringing their children; the Confederate soldier hobbles in on crutches; there are old bachelors and grandmothers, heart-hungry for knowledge. Tuition is free, but the rate of living expenses covers many a tragedy. A paralyzed man has plowed with one hand year after year that his young sister might attend the school, and she works with pathetic desperation to become in turn his supporter. Persons inclined to grumble because certain educational plums have not fallen their way may well draw a parallel of conditions.

The question of the property rights of wives has been very ably set forth by

Mrs. Catherine Waugh McCulloch in a good-tempered address before a woman's club. Mrs. McCulloch sees the injustice so often wrought to wives by penurious and selfish husbands, and she deprecates the fact that "women are forced to resort to underhand means in order to obtain their rights." In short, wives are often reduced to such desperate straits that "many wives are actually compelled surreptitiously to extract money from their husbands' pockets to enable them to contribute toward some charity of which they approve but their husbands do not." Mrs. McCulloch's ample knowledge of the law compels her, doubtless, to assent to this time-saving operation. It is true that the wife might take legal measures to force her husband to give her the sum required for her charitable intent. But here would begin vexatious delays. The case would be postponed from time to time. If it went against the husband he would appeal to the Supreme Court, with the result that two or three years would be dragged out in annoying litigation. Meanwhile the charity would languish and die, and the opportunity to benefit mankind would be lost forever. Under these conditions lovely woman is absolutely forced to take the law into her own hands and to dig into the gentleman's pockets, as he slumbers, for the benefit of humanity. No married man in these charitable times should be without a portable safety deposit box.

One day Americans are told by some messenger of sad tidings that there is no longer any chance in this country for the young man. Another day it is proclaimed that there is no chance for the old man. Another day the gloomy news is made public that there is no longer any chance for a workman who is over 35. If all these statements are true there is no longer a chance for anybody unless he shall have been born a millionaire. But the lot of those who are fed from golden spoons and rocked in silver cradles is unenviable, for according to some authorities they never amount to anything. They never have a chance, it is said, because they are loaded down with riches. As nobody has a chance it is about time for the appearance of the angel spoken of in Revelation, who is to cry out, "Woe, woe, woe, to the inhabitants of the earth." This declaration that there is no longer any chance for the mechanic or laborer who is in the prime of life is based on what is said to be the present practice of railroads and some large manufacturing corporations not to hire men who are over 35. Only two railroads have been mentioned specifically and no manufacturing corporation has been mentioned. There is no accurate information as to the extent to which the opportunities for employment of the men who are over 35 have been limited by this new practice. Until these opportunities shall appear to have been really limited there is no reason why the workmen of 40 years of age should feel seriously alarmed as to their future. Employers have whims and notions sometimes. It may seem to one employer that he can get more or better work out of mechanics who are under 35 than out of those who are over that age. Such an assumption would be correct as to some workmen and incorrect as to others. The efficiency of a man cannot be measured accurately by his age. The presumption is that most employers will not establish an age limit, but will hire any man who is able to do good work. The mechanics who are over 35 should not be disheartened and fancy that there is no relief for them except in the grave. Nor should the young men be discouraged. There is a chance for them. There is a chance also for the sons of plutocrats. There is still a chance for everybody who is deserving.

**Billiard Concert Reduce.**  
An Albany lawyer with a penchant for billiards, had occasion recently to visit a small town. While there, seeking to pass his time, he found a new and excellent billiard table. Upon his inquiring if there was anybody about who could play, the landlord referred him to one of the natives, who may be called John Jones, because that isn't his name.

They played several games, but the result was against the Albany lawyer. Try as he might, the countryman won. "Mr. Jones," he remarked, "I have quite a reputation at home. They consider me a good billiard player, but I'm not in your class. May I inquire how long you have played?"

"Oh, for a spell back," replied the native. "Say, stranger, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but you're the fust feller I ever beat!"

**Worth Imitating.**  
An interesting plan has been adopted in Glasgow by certain landlords who, having improved much of their slum property, have been naturally desirous to keep it in good condition. The plan consists in offering prizes to tenants who behave themselves well and pay their rent promptly. All tenants who fulfill these conditions are allowed in summer to live rent free for a fortnight, so that if they take a holiday they need not pay two rents. The plan has worked well so far, and over 60 per cent of the tenants have claimed the prize.

**Atilla's Nose.**  
Atilla, the Hun had a nose so short that from the front it presented the appearance of two holes in the middle of his countenance, surmounted by a small wart.

There never was a farmer so big and fierce looking that he didn't wear a meek expression when he stands by and hears his wife bargain with the grocer in selling her butter and eggs.

"It's as bad," said a man, speaking of a brass band, "as the third band in a circus parade."

## LABOR NOTES

The 22 shipyards of Germany employ 60,000 men.

More than 140,000 men are engaged in anthracite coal mining.

Victoria, Australia, ships to London each year about \$8,000,000 worth of butter.

A great fortune has been made from the wire device and rubber cork for beer bottles.

There are 6,059 establishments in the United States, with 46,647 acres, where flowers and ornamental plants are cultivated.

Shorthand was first taught by M. de la Valde in a treatise entitled "French Tachygraphy," printed in 1774; in it 400 characters were used.

The leading industries of California are in close rivalry as to annual production. Sugar and slaughtering each produce about \$15,000,000, while lumber, flour and fruits each show about \$13,000,000.

The union of junior machinists recently formed in Chicago is proving a success, more than 100 boys having already joined. Similar unions have been organized in New York, Pittsburg, Milwaukee, Kansas City, St. Louis, Omaha, San Francisco, Cleveland and Philadelphia. Boys of any age who have worked six months at the trade are eligible.

The drug clerks of Chicago, who for some time have had an organization of their own, but have not been able to accomplish much, have united with the retail clerks, and have enrolled as Local No. 552. This step is most significant. For some time the drug clerks hesitated to take it. They felt that a drug store was a little bit different from a dry goods store, and that a man who was employed in the one must be a little bit different from a man who was employed in the other. Actual economic forces, however, proved stronger than artificial social barriers. By themselves the drug clerks were doing nothing. United with the retail clerks they felt they could do a great deal. The two organizations were natural and inevitable allies. Now the alliance is consummated and in it there will be strength. To-day the retail clerks, and with them the drug clerks, are members of the Chicago Federation of Labor, and send delegates to the fortnightly meetings of that body. They are completely identified with union labor. They have pledged themselves to buy only union-made goods and to urge upon their employers the use of the union label. They are a part of unionism as much as the carpenters, the plumbers, or the cigarmakers, and their absorption into the union system is an instructive event. They have shortened their hours of labor, have had their wages raised and other conditions improved, and are now enthusiastic trade unionists.

**HE HAS 47 LIVING CHILDREN.**  
Now Has a Sixth Wife and Is Only 102 Years of Age.

On the farm of Jason Gibbs, in Carroll County, Tenn., lives a remarkable old negro. His name is George Gwinn, and he is one of the few centenarians in Carroll County, being 102 years of age. But the most remarkable feature in connection with this old dorky is the extensive list of his lineal descendants. They number more than 200.

Gwinn was born in 1800 on Gwinn's Creek, Carroll County. While yet a young man George was married, and by his first wife had four children. He is now living with his sixth wife, and by the entire six is the father of forty-seven children. All of the forty-seven are still living; all are married, and have had an average of three children each, making 140 grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Gwinn's first wife was taken from him more than sixty years ago, sold into slavery and carried to Little Rock. He never saw her again. He then married Iris Dickson, an Indian woman. He then took unto himself Charlotte Thomas, Maria Mathias, and Minerva Randle.

Gwinn is rather lively, considering his extreme age. Although compelled to go about with the aid of a cane, he can still work some and very often does a fairly good day's work. He uses neither liquor nor tobacco, having quit both several years ago because he thought they were undermining his constitution. His mind is still good and he delights to gather about him a crowd and talk of events of four-score years ago.

**A New Lenten Entertainment.**  
A "Kaffee-Klatsch" or, being interpreted, "Coffee and Chatter," is a variation of the afternoon tea. Being of German origin, with the coffee should be served the various kinds of cake and bread peculiar to that people—zwieback, pretzels, sandwiches made from brown bread with caraway seeds, and the small cakes which the German bakers love in great variety. The coffee should be of the best and served with whipped cream. It should be understood that at a "Kaffee" the guests bring their work and "make an afternoon of it." Invite them at half after 3 and serve the refreshments at 5. A little music is in order, or the entertainment would lack its German character—"homely" music, that encourages others to contribute what they have to give. It is a great mistake to do things too well.—Ladies' Home Journal.

## IT WAS A LOAD OF HAY

ITS PASSAGE THROUGH CITY RECALLED OLD TIMES.

Sweet Reflections Came to the Weary Man Who Had Once Been a Barefooted Country Boy, Living Near to Nature's Heart.

It was only a load of loose hay that passed through the city street, but it filled the atmosphere with sweet perfume and flooded the memory with delight. The day was raw and damp. Piles of dirty snow lined the sidewalks here and there and mud-stained ice covered the streets to a varying depth. The air was heavy with carbonic gas, the sky was overcast, the chill of March penetrated the system, the trees were black and cold as though life had forsaken them, the chirp even of the sparrow seemed stilled.

Along passed the load of hay and all was transformed. Vanished were the dreary surroundings of man's prison-like city; forgotten the disturbing consciousness of the steady grind of brain or muscle, or both, extending down the years from the hopeful days of youth through the discouragements of manhood toward the only rest of life—the grave! The petty cares of life, too insignificant to crush, but so pressing and so constant that they corrode the mind, deaden sentiment, crush out joyousness, kill the spirit of true happiness, create distrust and disgust and raise doubts as to the whole Christian scheme of man's destiny, ceased. The scent of the hay was in the air; it penetrated the lungs like a revivifying breath to the dying and like an angelic messenger summoned memory to the green fields of summer, vocal with the songs of birds and the music of the insect world.

Above, the sun was shining bright and warm and the blue sky in its calm repose and inviting mystery called from its depths to the spiritual heart. Around, all nature was jubilant. The green-vested trees threw their grateful shade across the grassy mead; the river glided on its course to the sea—the symbol of the soul's search for its Uncreated End; the distant farmhouse looked bright and peaceful; cattle browsed in the pasture and men were at work in the meadows curing the new-mown hay and keeping time to the tuneful harmonies of nature in song and whistle.

Nature's heart was near. And again came up the thoughts that so many of us, country-reared, indulged in in childhood—the longings, the desires, the anticipations, the hopes and delights and joys and pleasures that filled our minds! And faces, too, came up—dear, vanished faces, some long since cold and marble-like, now resting beneath the yew trees in the rural graveyard; others gone, God knows whither; others still, like our own, filled with life's vexations and trials and uncertainties, their brightness vanished and their bloom decayed! Was there a particular face?—one of especial brightness and loveliness, of bubbling joy and of exquisite delight, the sight of which made our being thrill, the thought of which filled our minds and soothed our souls like a cool spray falling over a fevered brow, and the suggestion of being ever parted from which was like a death sentence—well, who wants to tell? Yet happy is the man who can dwell upon that face to-day without confusion and without compunction.

And from the spot where we can see the men curing the hay we can look to the church and the school, the distant village and the sky-kissed hill beyond which once lay our great unknown world. There we dreamed our dreams and built our castles and formed our ideals. How the future glowed with the light of our hope and confidence and how easily we bowed our way to man's false ideal of fame!

The load of hay has moved on its way. Its sweet scent does not long linger in a crowded city. The heavy atmosphere again assails us. Our eyes rest on the mud-covered ice and the bleak trees and the piles of brick and mortar where sentiment is dead and trade is king. Yet we are the better for this little excursion of memory. Yet are we more purified in spirit for the little ramble where the new-mown hay is cured. And every time in future when we see a load of hay we will thank God for its presence and pity that man from our heart, even if he were 100 times a millionaire, who cannot rise higher than to ask its price.

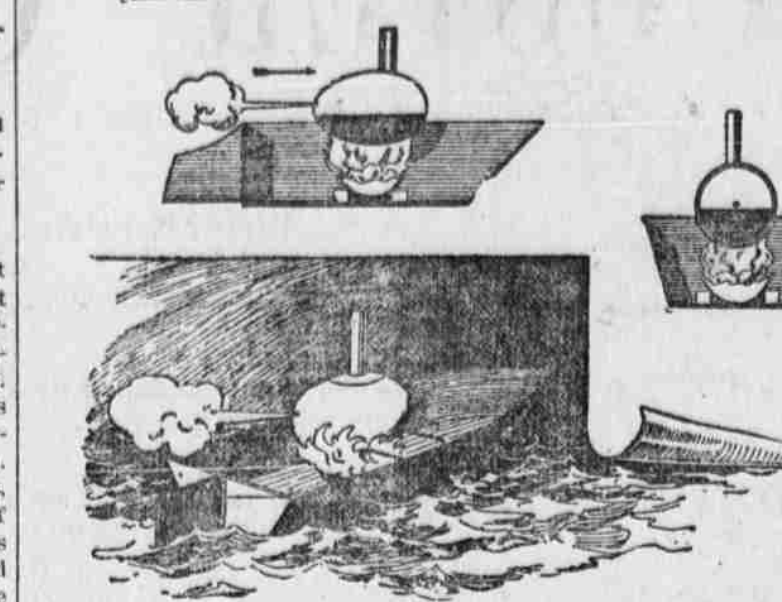
## STORY ABOUT EDWARD CLARK,

Famous Capital Architect's Extreme Care in Spending Public Funds.

The late Edward Clark, the architect of the capitol for so many years, taken all in all was the most careful man in the way of expending public money that I ever knew," remarked an experienced treasury official recently, "and his accounts, running way up into the millions, were always well within the law and appropriation. He would not expend a penny that was not appropriated in distinct terms and took no chances.

"I remember on one occasion, having business in his office, when a well-known man, a newspaper writer, by the way, came in and urged him to have a sign painted with the words 'To the Dome' on it and placed on the door leading to the dome. It was during the centennial year, when the capitol was overrun with visitors. Mr. Clark admitted that the sign would be a great convenience to visitors and he said he could not have it quoted because there had been no distinct appropriation made for it. There was an appropriation made that year for 'painting the dome' and the newspaper man argued that a small amount

## EASILY-MADE TOY STEAMBOAT.



Make a boat of strong cardboard, as shown in figure. The rudder, turning about a pin as axle, is connected with the sides of the boat by two pieces of thread of uneven length, giving the rudder an angular position. A tub of water is the ocean on which our little boat will steam about.

Two pieces of wire, bent as shown in figure and fastened to the sides of the boat like hooks, hold an eggshell, the contents of which you have sucked out, leaving a little hole on one side, as shown in figure. The shell is filled with water up to the little hole and represents the boiler, placed on the two pieces of wire, with the hole to the rear somewhat above the rear wall of the boat. To heat the boiler we use half an eggshell placed on a piece of cork underneath the boiler, with a small piece of cotton in the center. Pour some alcohol on the cotton and set fire to it. The water will begin to boil in a few minutes and a fine stream of steam will leave the hole of the eggshell. The pressure of the steam on the air will move the little boat in the opposite direction—that is, forward—and we have a steamboat steaming without wheels or screw.

of that appropriation, say 50 cents, surely could be used to have the sign painted, but Mr. Clark would not yield.

"The newspaper man determined to carry out his idea for the accommodation of the public and went up to Charley Armor, a sign painter on D street, and had the sign painted, paying for it out of his own pocket. He then put the sign on the door himself early one morning and it remained there for over twenty years.

"Ten years afterward I happened to be in Mr. Clark's office at the capitol when the same newspaper writer came in. The subject of the sign came up and the newspaper man said he thought he would put in a claim to Congress for the 50 cents he had paid to have the sign painted. Mr. Clark acknowledged that the sign had been a great convenience, but that it was on the door without authority of law and had been for years.

"I have often thought of having it taken down," said Mr. Clark, "and have frequently spoken to Senator Morrill and others who by public consent are looked upon as guardians of the building, but find that they think it has done and is doing more good than harm and have consented to let it remain there, but I am not sure it is there properly." "Why don't you take it down, then?" asked the newspaper man. Mr. Clark thought a moment for an answer and then gave the old one, "There is no appropriation for the work."

"And, this reminds me again," said the official, according to the Washington Star, "that if some public-spirited citizen cares to expend another half dollar—the continued absence of the appropriation, additional one, I mean—on a similar sign, it will be welcomed by the visiting public, for the sign of which I speak rusted out and fell off several years ago and there has been none there since."

## TEACHING LEADS TO INSANITY.

Grave Warning to Women from a German Scientist.

According to Prof. Zimm of Berlin, women are peculiarly unfitted to hold the post of professional teacher. Through an exhaustive series of experiments conducted among German women school teachers the Berlin scientist comes to the conclusion that women who teach school ultimately wind up in an institution for the insane. Up to this time it has been thought that school teaching was peculiarly adapted to women. It was pointed out that if women had to work, that was the best branch of industry for them—the one attended with the least exposure to hardship and the least strain on the physical being. After examining all occupations in which women make a living, such as telephone girls, saleswomen, domestic servants, governesses, factory employes, secretaries, nurses and the like, the conclusion was reached by the German investigator that there is more prevalence toward insanity among women teachers than among women engaged in any other work.

While no statistics for America have been carefully compiled on this particular point, an examination of the lunacy reports for even one State—New York—brings out some startling and significant facts. The period covered by the statistics extends from 1880 to the present time. The State hospital reports for New York for annual periods since 1880 show a gradual increase among insane school teachers from year to year. Taking two typical years—1888 and 1889—it appears that during the former year there were 8,616 insane women, employed in educational life. Women employed in commercial life, such as stenographers, clerks and the like, numbered but 22 insane, while saleswomen and shopkeepers numbered 257 insane. Seamstresses and factory workers numbered 1,472 insane women, while women doctors, artists and others numbered but 65. In 1897 there were 1,154 women employed in higher education who became insane, as against 600 domestic servants, 14 artists, 39 typewriters and clerks and 139 factory hands.

The Berlin doctor does not stand alone in his conclusions. He is supported by nearly all medical authorities who have gone exhaustively into the subject of women's occupations.

## ENORMOUS FEES.

Royalty and Rich People Pay Dearly for Medical Treatment.

In the medical world some enormous fees have been paid from time to time. In 1762 the famous Hertfordshire physician, Thomas Dimsdale, was summoned to St. Petersburg to vaccinate the Empress Catherine II. He was in the city less than a week, but so successfully did he accomplish his task that he was paid a consideration of £12,000, in addition to a life pension of £500 a year. Another costly vaccination operation was that performed a few years ago by Dr. Butler upon six Indian Rajahs, and from each of his patients he received £10,000 for less than a day's work.

When King Edward, or the Prince of Wales, as he was then, lay at death's door with typhoid fever, the famous William Jenner was called in for a period of four weeks, and in return he was paid at the rate of £2,500 a week and given a baronetcy into the bargain. Nor was it by any means unusual for him to receive a fee of £500 for an hour's consultation with less celebrated patients.

But royalty invariably pay their medical attendants highly. The late Sir Morell Mackenzie journeyed to Berlin to relieve the sufferings of the Emperor Frederick during his last illness, and secured a fee of £20,000, while Prof. Zoeherne, of Moscow, who was called to Livadia when the Czar Alexander III, lay dying, was presented with a check for £15,000, in addition to all expenses, for a two day's attendance upon his illustrious patient. Dr. Yovskii, the famous oculist, pocketed a fee of £7,000 for attending the Shah's son at Teheran some years ago, a figure completely put into the shade by that captured by an English army surgeon, who paid occasional visits to the Rajah of Rampur, India, when that potentate was suffering from an acute attack of rheumatism. The patient did not wait for him to send in his bill, finding his treatment beneficial and rewarding him with a draft for £10,000.

The highest medical fee ever paid, however, became the property of a blind physician, Dr. Gale, of Bristol, who cured a wealthy patient of a diseased knee by electric treatment, and in return found his banking account richer by £50,000.—Pearson's Weekly.

## The "Poverty Luncheon" Is Popular.

"Poverty Luncheons" offer a good way of combining pleasure and philanthropy. Half a dozen girls agree to meet at the home of each, in turn, once a week, or once a fortnight, for luncheon. At every meeting each guest brings fifty cents, which is given to some charity, and each hostess pledges herself not to exceed three dollars in preparing her entertainment. These prices and contributions may, of course, be varied at pleasure. At the close of the meal the hostess must tell the price paid for each article of food, which the guests note upon their menu cards. A sample menu would be: Canned bouillon (15 cents); creamed codfish, served in green peppers (40 cents); two pounds of chops (50 cents); with puree of French chestnuts (15 cents); salad of chopped apple and celery with mayonnaise, served in red apples (35 cents); pineapple ice served in the whole rind (45 cents); coffee (8 cents); bread and butter (15 cents). Total, \$2.23.—Ladies' Home Journal.

## Slander Defined.

You cannot slander a man who loses at poker. You can only slander the man who wins. At least that is what the Supreme Court of New York said recently in throwing out the famous Fidelity Club case, in which the plaintiff asked for \$50,000 damages because the defendant said he had cheated. It is no slander to say a man cheated at cards, but it is a slander to say he won money by cheating. You cannot cheat and lose! The court views that in the light of a paradox.

## A Perpetual Praiser.

"So he writes poetry for a living?" "No, for a dead. His specialty is epitaphs."—Philadelphia Bulletin.